

# THE LITERARY MIRROR.

[VOL. 1.]

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 19, 1808.

[No. 5.]

Sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,  
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,  
We hither bring.

## A PHYSIOGNOMICAL JOURNAL.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

### CHAPTER II.

*A second and last word from the Author to the Reader.*

HOW often does some foolish accident or other stop a man in his way, when he only seeks to go quietly along the street. As I was about to carry a parcel of my manuscript to the press, I found myself pursued by one of those troublesome fellows, who are always thrusting their noses into other people's dishes, and impudently prying into their contents, nor could I shake him off without stopping to talk to him, and answering a thousand inquiries of what I was doing, what I had done, and what I intended to do. This was my brother Gossip, and good friend Master Elgotz, a very worthy man, and a member of the German society at Bernburg;—one within whose reach no cock-chaffer must come, and hope to escape being spiked at the same instant. He turned over my manuscript from beginning to end, but it was easy to see in his physiognomy that he had something in his mind to which he found difficulty of giving utterance. I therefore urged him, till at last out it all came.

This was neither more nor less than that as to the subject he had nothing to say, for he did not trouble his head at all about physiognomy, it was far above his horizon. In that I thought he judged rightly; and had he been at all acquainted with the science, he might have read as much in my countenance. But in my style he found a great deal to criticise; it was not the thing; quite old and out of date: it must be a little polished and modernised before I could think of printing my work. Instead of making any answer, I drew forth from my pocket a number of the Frankfort Literary Gazette, which I always keep about me. "There, sir," said I, "read this; these gentlemen understand the proper German style as well as those of the society of Bernburg. Many an excellent book has very lately been written in this plain and right-on manner. The facetious Asmas of \* Wandsbecker was the first, if I recollect rightly, who ever pretended to criticise it. This is answer enough, and so, sir, your humble servant."

What he had said, however, haunted me incessantly, and kept running about my head as if an earwig had crept into it. I thought within myself that there might be some truth in his re-

\* A German author of considerable note, who lived in the village of Wandsbecker near Altona. His real name was Clandius, but he wrote under the assumed name of Asmas.—TRANSLATOR.

marks, and that it might be expedient to submit my manuscript to the revision of some adept in this branch of knowledge, before I should think of publication. I was sensible that harmony of style was a kind of ware, considered at present as of great account, and I asked myself what I should say, supposing all my labours were thrown away through the accidental intervention of one false tone.

I knew well that Master Christian Henry Smith, professor at Giessen, had obtained, by what means I know not, letters demissary for creating people wits, and men of genius, as the Count Palatine creates doctors and notaries: for proof, see his decisions among the living poets and wits in the Leipsic Muse's Almanac. I immediately ran over the list, where I discovered the names of many friends and companions with whom I had some intercourse during my travels, and many of whom, to judge by their physiognomy, ought rather to have found a place in the class of dunces than in that of the wits and geniuses.

I therefore collected my papers together, and packed them off immediately to one of these language-correcting gentry, a certain Master Balhorn, that he might sift them as I sift my corn. And he did sift them with a vengeance; it would have excited the sympathy of any Christian soul to see what havoc he had made among them. I was just in the situation of the peasant who applied to the young esquire to hunt the hare out of his garden, in doing which the gentleman trampled down tree and hedge, plant and herb, fruit and flower, till there was nothing left for future hares to damage. What was to be done? I must stomach the matter as well as I could; nay worse, must even thank the ravager for his friendly offices. Happily for me, however, the foundation and principles remain the same; and I must confess that Master Balhorn has not materially altered any thing. It is a little distorted and transposed here and there, but if I find it necessary, this may be noticed in a subjoined gloss-line. Thus much I could not refrain from saying to the reader; and now to my journal.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

### THE LAY PREACHER.

"And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing, most of all, for the words which he spake that they should see his face no more. And they accompanied him to the ship."

THIS is the inimitable description, in the Acts of the Apostles, of pathetic incidents, which occurred in the parting interview, between St. Paul and the elders of the Ephesian Church.

In my prior speculations, whenever I have mentioned the name of that great man, I have always expatiated, with a warmth, which I sincerely felt, upon the fine features of his moral and intellectual character. The strongest passions,

and a most fervid imagination, he controlled by the science of self-government; and though he always felt warmly, he always spoke and acted wisely. He had all the learning of a scholar, the skill of a statesman, the manners of a courtier, the principles of a gentleman, and the piety of a hermit. In short, he was a Cavalier Christian, and one of Nature's Nobles. He was the phoenix, and paragon of primitive goodness. Noble in reason, infinite in faculties, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god!

The proofs of his learning and genius are discernible in every page of his annals. It is a curious circumstance, that he was not only educated by one of the most accomplished of the Jewish scholars, but that the place of his nativity was consecrated to Science and Art. Of his natal spot, he was justly proud, and sometimes alludes to his citizenship of Tarsus, with a patriot's exultation, and a scholar's complacency.—The most accurate and authentic of the Greek geographers, Strabo, who, contemporary with Augustus and Tiberius Cæsar, flourished in the golden age of Literature, and witnessed the production and perusal of many of those immortal pages, whose authours are canonized by the purest Taste, and the most rigid Criticism, says expressly, of the inhabitants of this learned metropolis, that they so sedulously studied philosophy, and the whole circle of knowledge, as to surpass Athens, Alexandria, or any other place, where profound science and elegant letters were cultivated. In this other and better Athens, this Oxford, of Asia, disciplined by a Gamaliel, and assisted by brilliant parts, and constant application, St. Paul became one of the wisest men of the age. He was an admirable linguist, and an acute logician; and his genius, as an orator and a writer, is acknowledged even by infidels. During his visits to Athens and Rome, the fairest cities in the world, enlightened by strong rays of Philosophy, and polished by all the refinement of liberal studies, he seems to be entirely at home, in the circles of literature and genius. The poetry, the philosophy, and the theology of the times are perfectly familiar to him. Over the subtilties of the sophists, his dexterity of disputation obtains many a signal triumph, and whether he harangues before princes, or mean men, whether he is ardent and argumentative, before the Areopagus, or playful and familiar in the Forum, he seems to challenge the general applause. He was the Jewish Aristippus, and an Alcibiades might have learned new lessons of versatility, from this compliant Cilician.

But, independently of his intellectual worth, there are many features in his moral character, which deserve the most careful contemplation. He was singularly intrepid, indefatigable, industrious, affectionate, pious, charitable, and benevolent. With the courage of a soldier, he combines all the kindness of a woman, though wise as a serpent, he is harmless as a dove. Of his patience of persecution, labour, sorrow, and adversity: of his affection for the sisters humility



and Content, let him, in permanent colours, delineate the lovely picture :

—“ Giving no offence in any thing, that the ministry might not be blamed, but in all things, approving ourselves, in much patience in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, and fastings, by pureness, by knowledge, by long suffering, by kindness, by THE COMFORTER, by love unfeigned, by the Word of Truth, by the DIVINE POWER, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honour and dishonor, by evil report and good report ; as deceivers, and yet as true, as unknown, and yet well known, as dying, and behold ! we live ; as chastened, and not killed ; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing ; AS POOR, YET MAKING MANY RICH ; AS HAVING NOTHING, YET POSSESSING ALL THINGS.”

I cannot resist the temptation to remark incidentally, upon the conclusion of this round and rhetorical period, that it finely describes the independent spirit, and inexhaustible treasures of Genius associated with Labour, and Learning. I have, in the works of some minor poet, read the following lines, which finely display the hidden treasures, and powerful resources of intellect :

He who has treasures of his own,  
May leave a palace or a throne,  
May quit the world, and dwell alone,  
Within his SPACIOUS MIND.

But notwithstanding the ardour of his piety, and the variety of his learning, notwithstanding all his gifts of Reason, Imagination, and Eloquence, his opinions, were misconstrued by the absurdity of some, and his life jeopardized by the malignity of others. The novelty, boldness, and unpalatableness of his doctrine were extremely offensive to the Pagan world. The captiousness of Philosophy cavilled at every line, and the Stoick frowned, or the Epicurean laughed at every precept ! The persecution of Paul was exactly like that of every other great genius, who has the misfortune to be contemporary with Ignorance and Fanaticism. Moreover, the illiberal treatment that he received, was not, we are decidedly of opinion, from his attachment to Christianity. His superiour talents and endowments provoked envy and hostility. By an evil and an adulterous generation, in certain execrable epochs, in the annals of mankind, the sunbeams of Truth and Genius are shunned as sedulously as the rays of the brightest luminary are blinked at by the optics of an owl. When the great majority of any nation, in any age, have determined to be wrong, they, naturally, detest the man, who dares to tell them so, and who determines to be right. This was precisely the case of Paul. He was the votary of Reason and Truth. Of these powers he was the ingenious and eloquent advocate. Hence, the hatred of Prejudice, the persecution of Party, the fury of blind zealots, the malevolence of the mad multitude, the bleating of the silly sheep, and the grunting of the stupid swine of society. These are vile principles, and viler sounds, and they are never more operative, than when a benefactor to the human race is to be hunted down as a victim. The fate of Paul, like that of an Archbishop in a more recent era, was, to be sacrificed at the shrine of Superstition.

Mark'd out by dangerous parts he meets the shock,  
And fatal Learning brings him to the block ;  
Around his tomb, let Art and Science weep,  
But hear his fate, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

In the decline of his apostolical labours, Paul has constantly a gloomy presentiment of his martyrdom at Rome. After numerous trials, and vexations, his patience and goodness are not yet exhausted ; and he commences a pious pilgrimage to Jerusalem. While he was hastening thither, mindful of his approaching dissolution, he sent to Ephesus, and called the elders of the Church. In a strain of manly, touching, and sublime eloquence, he here addressed them ; and the passage to which we refer, is his valedictory oration, which is one of the most affecting, as well as elegant, of the speeches, that have been preserved, among the archives of Genius, and the rolls of Rhetorick. After a concise and rapid enumeration of his services to the Christian Church, he adverts to his future fate, but regards it with a steady eye, and avows the most implicit resignation. He will be a joyful martyr, if he perish in the cause of Truth. He assures his religious friends, that this is a final interview. He then seriously adjures them, to attest the purity of his innocence, the integrity of his motives, the perseverance of his industry, and the candour of his life. He warns them against the delusions of Infidelity, the heresies of Schism, and the spirit of Persecution. He recommends assiduity and vigilance in the discharge of their pious duties ; and, justly cites himself, as an example of one, who was a punctilious and a watchful Mentor. He then benignantly and fervently commends them to the Divine Protection, and concludes with an eulogium on the virtues of Charity and a declaration of his own entire disinterestedness, through the whole of his laborious career : He thus nobly describes his freedom from avarice, his patience of labour, and his generous spirit :

“ I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves do know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me. I have showed you all things, how that so labouring, ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord, how He said “ It is more blessed to give, than to receive.”

When he had thus spoken, he reverently knelt down, and offered his orisons with those of the Christian sages. His recent address, his dignified manner, his affectionate tones, the remembrance of his glorious services, and his torturing afflictions, the melancholy foreboding of his unhappy doom, and the consciousness, that this was the last time that they should listen to such an orator, be taught by such a philosopher, and be edified by the example of such a saint, produced a burst of enthusiasm, affection, and regret. They all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all, for the words which he spake that they should see his face no more.

This group of primitive Christians, thus exchanging these affectionate salutations, could not be perfectly delineated, even by the great masters in the schools of Painting. Nothing but the language of the text is adequate to the scene.— While revolving the topicks of this imperfect essay in my mind, I at first thought, with too much presumption, that I might, possibly, sketch some-

thing like a paraphrase. But this was a vain imagination. No artist can give a brighter tint to the violet, than its own azure. We cannot redden the rose, nor teach musick to the nightingale. The most flaring flambeau would fade before the radiance of a star, and the most polished periods of Plato halt after the language of inspiration. Nothing can brighten the everlasting colours in this historical picture of Paul and his companions, bidding each other an eternal farewell. There was ever a tolerable resemblance of a scene so pathetic, it may be found in the gallery of SHAKESPEARE. It is a miniature, but as might be expected from that genius, the colours are perennial and the imitation exquisite.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part ;  
And even there, his eye being big with tears,  
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,  
And with affection wonderful sensible,  
He wrung Bassanio's hand.

#### AN ACCOUNT OF MULY MOLUC.

WHEN Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muly Moluc, emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and set the crown on the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a disemper which he knew was incurable. However, he prepared to meet so formidable an enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given, but knowing that fatal consequences would happen to his children and people, in case he died before he put an end to the war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which he was carried under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle begun he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very nearly in his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge ; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner bro't his men to the engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in the litter, where laying his finger on his mouth to enjoin secrecy to his officers, who stood about him, he died in that posture.

Among the different ancient heretics, the Donatists were the maddest, who courted a violent death, under the notion that such was martyrdom. A company of them once met an orthodox person, and putting a sword into his hand, commanded him to kill them ; or, if he refused, threatening to kill him. He refused, unless they would first permit him to bind them all, for fear that when one or two should be killed, the rest would change their minds and slay him. Having bound them fast, he gave each a sound whipping, and left them. We have a sort of Donatists now, who court death, not as a martyrdom for the sake of religion, but on account of what they call honor. Every one of this description who sends a challenge to another, should be fast bound, and severely flogged.



Pacific Poetry.

POEM ON LOVE.

CELESTIAL POWER, divinely tune my lyre,  
And fill my bosom with thy heavenly fire,  
Teach me to sing of thee, exalted LOVE,  
Thou fairest, sweetest, habitant above;  
The base have pour'd dishonour on thy name,  
And veil'd thy beauties with the robe of shame,  
But all thy laws on purest reason rest,  
And the most sacred honour decks thy breast:  
No vile impurities thy thoughts defile,  
No folly, pride, hypocrisy, nor guile,  
Vice, with her train, swift as the lightning flies  
At the repelling lustre of thine eyes;  
The higher springs and movements of the soul,  
Are under thy strong influence and controul;  
Thy daring GENIUS the bold patriot leads  
In paths of glory to exalted deeds;  
Thy spirit is all powerful to inspire,  
It tunes the burning muse's glowing lyre,  
And mounts DEVOTION in a flame of fire.  
Each pure delight, each beauty, and each grace,  
Are emanations from thy radiant face,  
The soothing strains of melting harmony,  
Owe all their heavenly influence to thee,  
Without thee, earth had been a desert wild,  
NOT PARADISE above had bloom'd and smil'd:  
Each fair immortal there, thy rapture proves,  
In bowers ambrosial, and enchanting groves;  
Thou art the theme of their delightful lays,  
Where all is concord, ecstasy, and praise.  
The crystal streams, sweet flowers, and verdant plain,  
Live in thy smile, and glory in thy reign.  
Hail MATCHLESS LOVE! pure as celestial air,  
Sweet rosy rising morn is not so fair;  
Milder than the soft lucid queen of night,  
And lovely as the loveliness of light;  
Blooming as Paradise, thy breath distils  
A balmier fragrance than heav'n's spicy hills;  
What soften'd glories play o'er all thy face,  
Thy form enrob'd with majesty and grace,  
Thy smile is life, the whole creation's bloom!  
Thy frown is death, the whole creation's tomb!  
Did ORPHEUS with soft music's melting strain  
Astonish Pluto in his dark domain?  
Did he th' infernals of their rage disarm,  
And half redeem Euridice? thy charm  
Could all their sorrows drown, their torments quell,  
Cheer every face, and make a heav'n of hell!  
Thy radiant look could vacancy inspire,  
It "set the bosom of old NIGHT on fire!"  
She own'd thy power, and felt with strange surprise,  
From her dark womb an universe arise.  
Before the first born of th' Angelic choirs,  
To strains immortal tun'd their golden lyres,  
Thou wast uplifted on a throne divine,  
In the high heav'n's triumphantly didst shine  
In peerless majesty, beyond all height,  
Existing of thyself in uncreated light.  
Thou art the GLORIOUS SON, th' ETHEREAL DOVE,  
The EVERLASTING SIRE, for GOD HIMSELF is LOVE.

Monitorial.

"DO UNTO ALL MEN, AS YOU WOULD THEY SHOULD DO UNTO YOU."

This sublimely simple and comprehensive precept of christianity, leads the moralist to compress the various tenets of his doctrine, into "Behave unto all men as you would they should behave unto you." The ambitious, the covetous, the proud, the vain; the angry, the debauchee, the glutton, are all lost in the character of the well bred man. Or, if nature should now and then venture to peep forth, she withdraws in an instant, and does not show enough of herself to become disgusting. The ABBE BELLEGAUDE justly tells us, "Ill breeding is not a single defect. It is the result of many. It is sometimes a gross ignorance of decorum, or a stupid indolence, which prevents us from giving to others the attention due to them; it is a peevish malignity, which inclines us to oppose the inclination of those with whom we converse. It is the consequence of a foolish vanity which has no complaisance for any other person. The effect of a proud and whimsical humor, which soars above all the rules of civility: or, lastly, it is produced by a melancholy turn of mind, which pampers itself with a rude and disobliging behaviour."

[N. Y. WEEKLY MUSEUM.]

Humour.

POETICAL EPISTLE IN PROSE,

OR, A

PROSAICAL EPISTLE IN VERSE.

From Hayley's life of Cowper, vol. iii. p. 88, Letter 40.

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON,

My very Dear Friend,

I AM going to send, what, when you have read, you may scratch your head, and say, I suppose, there's nobody knows, whether what I have got, be verse or not; by the tune and the time, it ought to be rhyme, but if it be, did you ever see, of late or of yore, such a ditty before?

I have writ *Charity*,\* not for popularity, but as well as I could, in hopes to do good; and if the Reviewer, should say, to be sure the gentleman's muse wears methodist shoes, you may know by her pace, and talk about grace, that she and her bard have little regard for the taste and fashions, and ruling passions, and hoidening play, of the modern day; and though she assume a borrowed plume, and now and then wear a tittering air, 'tis only her plan to catch, if she can, the giddy and gay, as they go that way, by a production, on a new construction; she has baited her trap, in hopes to snap all that may come, with a sugar plum; his opinion in this, will not be amiss; 'tis what I intend, my principal end, and if I succeed, and folks should read, till a few are brought to a serious thought, I shall think I am paid for all I have said, and all I have done, though I have run many a time after a rhyme, as far as from hence to the end of my sense, and by hook or crook write another book, if I live and am here, another year.

I have heard before of a room with a floor laid upon springs, and such like things, with so much art, in every part, that when you went in, you was forced to begin a minuet pace, with an air and a grace, swimming about, now in and now out, with a deal of state, in a figure of eight, without pipe or string, or any such thing; and now I have writ, in a rhyming fit, what will make you dance, and as you advance, will keep you still, though against your will, dancing away, alert and gay, till you come to an end of what I have penn'd, which that you may do, ere Madam and you are quite worn out with jiggling about, I take my leave, and here you receive, a bow profound, quite down to the ground, from your humble me,

W. C.

\* A Poem,



PORTSMOUTH, March 19, 1808.

MASONIC.

On Wednesday, the 2d inst. the R. W. Edward J. Long, Esq. Special Deputy Grand Master, constituted the Sullivan Lodge, No. 19, at Deerfield, and installed the W. Joseph Mills, Esq. as master, with his other office-bearers in due and ancient form. A prayer and a very appropriate discourse were delivered by the Rev. John Osborne, of Lee.

The town of Durham, at their annual meeting, on the 8th inst. voted to pay every man called upon to do military duty in the field, a reasonable compensation for his time and attendance.

Nine counterfeiters of Bank Bills, were apprehended, and committed to jail, last week, in Boston. Their bills, tools, plates, &c. have been discovered and destroyed.

DISTRESSING EVENTS.

Fire!—On Monday night the 29th Feb. a very valuable saw mill and grist mill were entirely consumed, with their contents, belonging to Major Moses Chamberlain, of Loudon. The loss is estimated at fifteen hundred dollars.

On Sunday last the remains of the unfortunate Mr. Daniel Garland, were taken up in this river, and decently interred at Kittery. He was drowned from a canoe, on his return home to Kittery from this town, one year and eight days from the day he was taken up, and it is very extraordinary that his flesh was entirely sound, and had the appearance of a person who had been drowned but a few days.

ORDAINED

At Pembroke, on Wednesday the 2d inst. the Rev. Abraham Burnham.

MARRIED

At Concord, Mr. Abner Farnum, to Miss Mary Martin.

In Beverly, Rev. Samuel Dana, of Marblehead, to Miss Henrietta Bridge.

In Sudbury, Mr. Silas B. Tarbell, mer. of Boston, to Miss Mary Adams.

In Boston, Mr. John Hudson, mer. to Miss Lucy Crocker. Dr. Amos Windship, to Mrs. Abigail Lawrence.

DIED

In Canada, Hon. Wm. Alcock, chief justice of the lower province.

In Charleston, (S. C.) Mr. John Taylor Gilman, jr. mer. of Boston, only son of the Hon. J. T. Gilman, late governor of this state.

In Greenland, Mr. John Meder, aged 72.

REMOVAL.

GEORGE DAME,

Has removed to a shop in part of Col. George Gains's dwelling house, Congress street, where he continues to practice

Painting, Gilding, &c. &c.

in its various branches. Those who please to employ him may depend upon his using every effort to give satisfaction.

In PORTRAIT and MINIATURE Painting he will warrant accurate likenesses, or no pay required.

PROFILES painted on paper or silk, and a variety of Profile Frames constantly on hand.

Ladies' needle work neatly framed and glazed.

March 19.





## Selected Poetry.

"The rich flowers of Fancy with Genius entwined,  
Form a bouquet of sweets for the classical mind."

## THE MILLER'S MAID.

## A TALE.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Continued from our last.

BUT now the anxious dame, impatient grown,  
Demanded what the youth had heard, or known,  
Whereon to ground those doubts but just exprest;  
Doubts which must interest the feeling breast;  
'Her brother wert thou, George? how; prithee say:  
Canst thou forego, or cast that name away?'  
'No living proofs have I,' the youth replied,  
'That we by closest ties are not ally'd;  
But in my memory live, and ever will,  
A mother's dying words. . . I hear them still:  
She said, to one who watch'd her parting breath,  
"Don't separate the children at my death;  
They're not both mine: But"—Here the scene was clos'd,  
She died; and left us helpless and expos'd;  
Nor time hath thrown, nor Reason's opening power,  
One friendly ray on that benighted hour.  
Ne'er did the chieftains of a warring state  
Hear from the Oracle their half told fate  
With more religious fear, or more suspense,  
Than Phoebe now endur'd—for ev'ry sense  
Became absorb'd in this unwelcome theme;  
Nay, every meditation, every dream,  
Th' inexplicable sentence held to view,  
'They're not both mine,' was every morning new:  
For, till this hour, the maid had never prov'd  
How far she was enthrall'd, how much she lov'd:  
In that fond character he first appear'd,  
His kindness charm'd her, and his smiles endear'd.  
This dubious mystery the passion crost,  
Her peace was wounded, and her lover lost;  
For George, with all his resolution, strove  
To check the progress of his growing love;  
Or, if he e'er indulg'd a tender kiss,  
Th' unravell'd secret robb'd him of his bliss.  
Health's foe, suspense, so irksome to be borne,  
An ever-piercing and retreating thorn,  
Hung on their hearts, when nature bade them rise,  
And stole Content's bright ensign from their eyes.

The good folks saw the change, and griev'd to find  
Those troubles labouring in Phoebe's mind;  
They lov'd them both; and with one voice propos'd  
The only means whence truth might be disclos'd;  
That when the summer months should shrink the rill,  
And scarce its languid stream would turn the mill,  
When the spring broods, and pigs and lambs were rear'd,  
(A time when George and Phoebe might be spar'd,)  
Their birth place they should visit once again,  
To try with joint endeavors to obtain

From record, or tradition, what might be  
To chain, or set their chain'd affections free:  
Affinity beyond all doubts to prove,  
Or clear the road for Nature and for Love.

Never till now did Phoebe count the hours,  
Or think May long, or wish away its flowers;  
With mutual sighs both fann'd the wings of Time;  
As we climb hills and gladden as we climb,  
And reach at last the distant promis'd seat,  
Casting the glowing landscape at our feet.  
Oft had the morning rose with dew been wet,  
And oft the journeying sun in glory set;  
Beyond the willow'd meads of vigorous grass,  
The steep green hill and woods they were to pass;  
When now the day arriv'd: Impatience reign'd;  
And George, by trifling obstacles detain'd.  
His bending blackthorn on the threshold prest,  
Survey'd the windward-clouds and hop'd the best.  
Phoebe, attir'd with every modest grace,  
While health and beauty revell'd in her face,  
Came forth; but soon evinc'd an absent mind,  
For back she turn'd for something left behind;  
Again the same, till George grew tir'd of home,  
And peevishly exclaim'd, 'Come, Phoebe, come!  
Another hindrance yet he had to feel;  
As from the door they tripp'd with nimble heel,  
A poor old man, foot-faunder'd and alone,  
Thus urgent spoke, in trouble's genuine tone:  
'My pretty maid, if happiness you seek,  
May disappointment never fade your cheek!  
Your's be the joy;—yet feel another's woe:  
O leave some little gift before you go.'  
His words struck home, and back she turn'd again,  
(The ready friend of indigence and pain,)  
To banish hunger from his shatter'd frame;  
And close behind her, lo! the Miller came,  
With jug in hand, and cried, 'George, why such haste?  
Here, take a draught, and let that soldier taste.'  
'Thanks for your bounty, Sir,' the veteran said;  
Threw down his wallet, and made bare his head;  
And strait began, though mix'd with doubts and fears,  
Th' unprefac'd history of his latter years.

(Conclusion in our next.)

Selected for the Mirror, by a young lady.

## WHAT IS LOVE?

BY CAMOENS.

JUST like love is yonder rose,  
Heav'nly fragrance round it throws,  
Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,  
And in the midst of briers it blows,  
Just like Love.

Cull'd to bloom upon the breast,  
Though rude thorns the stem invest,  
They must be gather'd with the rest,  
And with it to the heart be prest,  
Just like love.

But if rude hands the twin buds sever,  
They die and they shall blossom never,  
Yet their thorns be sharp as ever,  
Just like love.

## Anecdotes.

The parish clerk in a small village, had in his harmonious note, set the twenty first Psalm, and repeated the first line—"O Lord! how joyful is the King," a simple fellow in church exclaimed—"Aye, faith, so well he may, so much money as he have got."

The Mayor of a country town, in England, issued the following mandate to one of the inferior officers of the corporation. "I desires you will ordure the widow Jenkins to pere befour me at Toun all tomorroh at A lavin, has I mey egsammon hur, and pars hur hoam, has she is likerlye to be vary truebalsam hear."

### Young Ladies Academy, For DRAWING, PAINTING and DANCING.

## G. DAME,

Respectfully informs the inhabitants of Portsmouth, that should they afford sufficient encouragement he will instruct young Ladies in the above polite arts, at the Assembly Room, commencing his Academy in April.

DRAWING & PAINTING furnish a pleasing amusement, and are necessary accomplishments for young ladies, not only in the display of taste and genius on paper, silks, &c. &c. but in drawing and designing patterns for the use of the needle.

## DANCING

is a polite accomplishment, and every one will acknowledge its usefulness in a genteel education.

G. D. will engage to teach the most modern steps, Contra Dances, and Cotillions, and hopes by his attention to give general satisfaction. Should he have twenty five scholars for Dancing, his price of tuition will be six dollars each per quarter, giving twenty four lessons, or two per week on Monday and Thursday afternoons.

The number of fifteen pupils for Drawing and Painting, will be attended to on Monday and Thursday forenoons, twenty four lessons, price six dollars per quarter.

Those who wish to attend either or both of said schools will please to leave their names in season at the Assembly Room, or at C. Peirce's Bookstore, where subscription papers are left—as G. D. will commence as soon as a sufficient number apply. March 19.

## 20,000 DOLLARS !!

The GREAT PRIZE of Twenty Thousand Dollars,  
was on Monday last, drawn against

No. 21549,

In HARVARD COLLEGE LOTTERY,

And was sold in Quarters,

At GILBERT &amp; DEAN'S

REAL FORTUNATE LOTTERY OFFICE,

No. 73, State street, Boston.

The two largest prizes ever known in the Northern States have been sold by Gilbert and Dean.

## TERMS OF THE MIRROR.

Two dollars per annum, exclusive of postage.

To subscribers at a distance one half in advance will be expected.

One column will be devoted to advertisements.

